

THIS SEEMS TO BE OUR DARK HOUR; DAWN IS SURELY COMING

(BY H. S. H.)

It is darker at 4 o'clock in the morning than at 6, and for the powers arrayed against Germany and the allies of Germany, 4 o'clock has arrived. It is the hour when staunch hearts and resolute spirits are put to the test.

The Russian breakdown, the invasion of Italy, the Russian-German peace discussions, the rumor that Romania has also asked Germany to enter into peace negotiations, the semi-official Japanese declaration that it would be militarily impracticable and financially impossible to send a Japanese army to the Russian front and the Lansdowne peace letter—all these things have had their effect in the allied countries. Now as always when an opportunity occurs, there arises that grisly old skeleton—peace by negotiation. It rears its grinning skull among us whenever a setback occurs, whenever there is any depression. It subsides when we have achieved a considerable victory like the Byng drive against Cambrai. At the present moment the feeling of depression has come after the Byng drive, because the Russian de facto government—the Bolsheviks must be termed that, so far as we can see—has actually entered into peace negotiations with Germany and because the Byng drive not only did not penetrate the last German fortified position but it was actually thrown back a considerable distance with a loss of some 4000 men and a number of guns by the weight of fresh troops which have been resting and gaining strength on the Russian front.

We are inclined to feel just now that while our side has the greatest strength and while, if that strength is properly used, victory would be certain beyond any doubt, we are weakened by decentralization. That most of our moves are made too late and that our effectiveness is thus impaired to the point where it seems doubtful whether we can realize the victory to which the strength of our several nations entitles us. More shame to us for being so short sighted as to believe we can fall and so wavering in purpose as to consider for a moment a negotiated peace!

The peace we want and must have is that of a complete military victory and it is ours if we but stand fast and lay all our hands to a single sledge hammer instead of wielding many small individual hammers.

We all know very well what Germany's aims when the war began, how defiant, how all-conquering was the general demeanor from emperor down to the rear rank soldier. But now, despite all Germany's admitted territorial gains, it is Germany, first, last and all the time Germany, who is seeking peace. Semi-officially Germany makes or causes to be made a formal peace offer. Every week peace is called for by Germany and the Wilhelmstrasse calls "feelers," peace offers made indirectly.

Of these, the speech last week of Dr. von Kuehlmann, imperial foreign minister, before the reichstag main committee, was typical. Of course he glorified the recent accomplishments of the German army in grandiloquent verbiage. He boasted of the occupation of Riga and of the Oesel and Dagö islands and of the Italian front. But what he did not say was that Riga and the Oesel and Dagö islands were occupied because the German forces encountered all told less opposition than a single brigade of English, French or American troops would have given, and that the great Austro-German-Bulgarian-Turkish-Greek army was able to invade Italy chiefly because it struck that part of the line held by the Second army of Italy and it knew precisely where it was hitting and why. The Second army had been thoroughly corrupted and opened up the front with barely a shot fired. The line having been penetrated, the rest of the Italian army had to fall back until it was able again to make a stand. It halted at the Tagliamento line and held it temporarily for the purpose of beginning a reorganization of commands. It dropped back to the Piave for its initial defense and had foreseen that it might be obliged to drop still further back to another line before completely checking the enemy. Fortunately, the

Piave line has held up to now by Italy singlehanded against the greatest massed assaults the enemy has been able to hurl against it. The recent spectacular German successes have been made in each instance against a disorganized opponent and not against a strong, ready one. Man for man, division for division, Germany is not able today to take ground from any but disorganized foes. The German turning movement which caused the Byng drive to recoil temporarily was successful for the time being because launched in overwhelming strength. Let it be said quickly, however, that in barely 48 hours almost all of the ground had been recovered, whereas it took the Germans a week to react strongly against the Byng drive and even that reaction would have been impossible had it not been for the reserves brought from the Russian front.

Getting back to Dr. von Kuehlmann and his reichstag speech. After his laudation of "the glorious victories of the invincible German army," he came down to earth and made a statement which was very surprising in view of the foregoing. He said the Russian peace principles (no annexation and no indemnities) appeared very acceptable and he was convinced Germany's allies would view it in the same light.

In other words, Germany would renounce at one stroke much, if not most, of the territory "the invincible German army" had occupied; would give up everything taken from Russia, and Austria would do the same. Surely such are not the peace terms of a conquering nation.

The foreign minister, in another connection dropped a phrase expressly intended for the rest of the belligerents—Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States, chiefly. He said it was absurd to believe Germany would enter a peace conference with any large claims. Had he spoken frankly, he would have said Germany would be glad to get out of the war on almost any terms short of open surrender. That is what he meant.

It is not difficult to believe that Germany tomorrow would negotiate any sort of peace which would leave a semblance of gain and would then try to pacify the homeland by saying Germany had won a victory by defeating the great forces which sought to overthrow the German government and dismember the empire. The Pan-Germans and the New Fatherlanders and all others who have been demanding great indemnities and naval and commercial bases and colonial compensations would be told to wait the coming of another "day" and thus it would end.

In the long run, Germany cannot win by fighting it out and Germany knows it. The trouble with our side is that many of us do not know it as well as Germany does and, besides, we have not been making our blows of a strength impossible to withstand.

It now remains for us to forget all about a "negotiated peace" and to carry on in full consciousness that nothing ever is settled until it is settled right; fighting straight along to the best of our ability, and with the hope that the supreme war council of the allies may find a way to coordinate our powers as to make our blows of a strength impossible to withstand.

It is the chief purpose of the "Rainbow division" to make the Germans see stars.

Appropriately, one of the under dog armies is commanded by Gen. von Below.

The Bolsheviks have picked up president Wilson's cast-off slogan: "Peace without victory."

East Texas has a cotton king who, the papers say, "tends weight to everything with which he is associated." He must before completely checking the enemy. Fortunately, the

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND

By BRIGGS.



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FACTS ABOUT OUR NAVY

Fortunes Of War.

By LIEUTENANT FITZHUGH GREEN, U. S. N.

HAVE you any definite idea what this grotesque expression really means?

Fortunes of war are the chances men take not with death, but with life. Death may and does come. Players are blanketed like pawns, laid aside like dead checkmen, fanned out, bowled over; eliminated with a whitewash score. But when we speak of war's fortunes, our imagination leaps to the living, and to their fates made freakish by murdering hosts.

A little story has come to me almost first hand. It illustrates the fallacy of man's plans when war seizes upon him. The story is about a man named Jimmie.

James Dunn—"Jimmie" to those who knew him as a North sea fisherman—was a man of ambition. He had inside him like a radium vein in clay. It gave off light and heat and energy without end, and it never weakened.

On June 17, 1911—one fateful day—Jimmie was on his way to New York. He was a pretty good opinion to have even of a nightingale. His opinion was that he would be a millionaire. He ended with "You got to go." Come back, sure. But after you've got something, you can't go and sell. Try the navy.

Jim joined the home fleet for 12 years. He signed with a battleship as Yeoman's work on a battleship is the clerk's job ashore. When war came in 1914 books and papers, pencils and papers, ink bottles and blotting paper were the weapons in Jimmie's hands.

"One more thing he had a secret. The secret was his. A secret he had marked "Tossie's Gun—6 inch." But there weren't any more of them aboard. So when Jimmie was ordered to go ashore for the fishing sloops at home took the form of a correspondence course, pamphlets on flows and fertilizers naturally found their way into the six inch gun shelf.

New potatoes and plotting rooms have probably never before the history of the world been mentioned in the same sentence. But my originality in doing so fades before the pathetic parades of Jack tar in the trenches. That's exactly what happened. Naval brigades landed in Belgium. Jimmie was a supernumerary yeoman, could be spared; and had to go with the others, stand in the mud and kill men, and maybe be killed himself. He didn't get up to this time had not been included in his plans.

At this point plain luck left off and fortune of war began.

Sooner or later Jim had to fight. I'll make it simple—as it really was. Jim was a simple fellow. He lived through it. His section suffered terribly. Officers went down in bloody robes. The party was cut off. Jim didn't know (trenches for four years (by mail) he had studied irrigation ditches, plows, shovels, spades, potatoes. He didn't know a thing about knowledge didn't help. But with the rest of it and the survivors he gathered around him he built a redoubt.

that engineers admired for weeks after he was rescued.

Sure, take him over," was the colony's answer to the suggestion that Jim be transferred to the Royal Engineers. "He's no sailor—or he shouldn't be."

So Jim had a commission. And he built other redoubts, trenches, gun emplacements and tunnels. But the whole enterprise was to him no more than a giant travesty on farm irrigation, and he never turned out without half unconsciously gazing its fertility—and counting imaginary potatoes.

He went "slightly" that is was invalided home wounded. Part of him never reached home. But what did get there was praised, hung, with medals, and assigned to retired duty with a concentration camp of German prisoners.

Mal James Dunn had been a fisherman. The fisherman had become a man-of-war-man. When he marched on deck by the 14 inch turret ink-stains had betrayed his weakness—or so some thought until he became a soldier. As soldier he had proved to be an engineer. For a while he came a hero, a cripple, and finally a farmer.

Jim grows potatoes for \$4,000 German marks. He grows potatoes scientifically. He does it that they fatten while the state saves money. And curiously enough this is exactly what Jim wanted to do. "I want to be a farmer," which is one of the fortunes of war. Copyright, 1917, by George Mathew Adams.

CABRERA, DE LA HUERTA, ARE ON WAY TO NEW YORK

Laredo, Texas, Dec. 4.—Luis Cabrera, ex-minister of hacienda, Carlos Fajardo, president of the Mexican National Union, and Adolfo de la Huerta, who succeeds Juan T. Burns as Mexican consul general in New York, arrived here yesterday en route to New York. They refused to discuss the reason for their trip.

Short Snatches From Everywhere

Count von Bernstorff has been made a Wirklicher Geheimrat. Americans will generally agree that he is a "rat" all right.—Minneapolis Tribune.

If the Italians will shed their full strength to the front, the Austrians and Germans will wish they had never entered Italy.—Florida Times-Union.

From the way some people talk, it is their particular and private war, but don't you believe it, fierce reader! It is your'n and our'n—a free-for-all fight, and if we do not do our share we are slackers. Get the picture, Clarksville (Texas) Times.

When criticizing the contradictions in the French position, the New York Times says: "The French are rarely too nervous to report a simple occurrence alike, and reflect that the summit of a convulsed nation of 100,000,000 people isn't simple. We'll get the real news in time—any after most of the present chroniclers are dead."—Boston Advertiser.

Roundabout Town

Farmer a Lucky Man; Everybody Helps—With Advice Little Chris On Toothpicks; Gossip About Things

By G. A. MARTIN.

SOMEbody sent this one in—I imagine it was Charlie Stevens or John M. Wyatt; it certainly couldn't have been George Clements, he who has been telling the women so much about how to save.

The town man told the farmer man: "Your duty, plain, raise all you can. To beat the big flung German foe you needs must plant and reap and sow. Send to your tank with real and honest money. Let us acre go to waste. To win the European flint just spade all day and lose it all at night."

"Quite so," the honest farmer said. "At half past 2 I leave my bed. The housewife's alarm has made me tackle this old farm and raise the dickens without stops, besides my ordinary crop. And I'll be true unto my trust, and raise a bumper crop or bust. But here I pause in my hard task, and I'm a little humbly ask: 'What have you gents, with all your prate, done for us farmers up to date?'

The town man threw his hands on high, then pulled them down to loudly cry, "Ungrateful agriculturists! by cold rains soaked and hot winds kissed, do you not know that we are through when we have sold you what to do?"

TOOTHPICKS (By Little Chris)

Toothpicks are weapons that divide the people who are in society from those who are not. One of the chief disadvantages of a cheap restaurant is that you have to watch people use toothpicks.

Toothpicks are good in their place, but their place is anywhere but in the mouth in public. Some people pick their teeth with anything that comes along. My daddy saw a woman take a pin from a man's coat in a restaurant the other day and use it to pick her teeth. I hope the man hadn't just been picking a hole with it.

Toothpicks are made of wood and are sold at very small prices, but lots of people are too economical to buy them when they can use a needle, a pin, a knife or their finger nail.

If people who use toothpicks publicly in restaurants, could only see themselves as they are, they would wait until they got outside and then slip into the alley to use them, rather than spoil the appetite of those about.

Uncle Walt's Denatured Poem.

Wartime Tightwads

THE tightwad, in a time of peace, is such a front the town police would like to run him in; but then the tail goes with the hide, and so we let the tightwad slide, although he is a sin. We view him with a high disdain, but, though he gives us all a pain, we let him stay on earth; we'll stand for many mealy things when peace unfolds her snowy wings, and fills the world with mirth. But now it is man's duty, plain, to ease the nation's fearful strain, by digging up the rocks; he ought to give until it hurts, he ought to sell his hide and shirts, and seek his Sunday sermons. I know an ancient widowed dame, who toils along with aching frame, to earn her meagre board; she wants to help the Red Cross cause, and so she comes with open paw, and gives her slender board. And here's the village plutocrat, on mortgages grown beastly fat, well heeled with coin in his; good things have reached him in a flood—and we can see him sweating blood, as he digs up a V. It is the time that tries men's souls, and skates who hang on to their rolls when every gent should give, who grudge the soldier boy a yen, will be despised by loyal men, so long as they may live.

WALT MASON

Africans and Kanucks and Scots without their pants. While we are canning the Kaiser.

Bring the guns from Bethlehem, by way of old New York. Bring the beans from Boston, and bring the food for the young, under the midnight electricity.

The London newspaper declares that the American soldiers and nurses have found a slogan, which is "Can the Kaiser." The British are using the slogan of the ability of the Americans to invent new slang, and the papers explain that the world is getting the word "can" from the Americans, and the world is getting the word "can" from the Americans.

Now we've started on the job, we mean to put it through. Ship the kings and kaisers all, and make the world know: Clear the way for common folk, for men like me and you.

While we are canning the Kaiser.

"Knock Before Entering," says a sign on the office door of a downtown business man. "That goes here, too. If you must knock, do it before entering or after you leave."

A country weekly in New Mexico carries the following society personnel: Lon Turner, an employee at W. E. Wilson grocery, left Sunday morning for a two weeks' vacation. He had no definite destination in mind when he left home, but will go just where he has traveled awhile. Some traveler, we should say.

Camouflage is not a new discovery. It is just a name. The women have been practicing it since the time of Adam.

According to the St. Louis Kansas bureau, Joseph Smiley was recently married to Birdie Laughinghouse. Let's like marriage might be a joke with that couple.

Celebrities and Sleep. The gift of sleep has been an asset of many great soldiers. Napoleon likened his own mind to a series of compartments, each one for a different purpose. One after another he closed them, and at night he shut down the last and instantly slept. Gladstone declared his ability to sleep well his one notable faculty, but he had to cease thinking at 10 o'clock at night. "Otherwise I should go mad," he added.

Wellington could sleep anywhere, even in the face of the enemy. With his foes advancing he would say, "Call me when they reach such and such a point, then rolling himself in his cloak, would forthwith snore. Napoleon is said to have been similarly blank. He could abstain for days and nights at need from rest, but in a moment of leisure could curl up on a rock and sleep like a dormouse.

BEAR MR. KNOBBLE, A FELLOW CALLING ON ME TRIED A DIAMOND RING ON ME, BUT IT WAS TOO SMALL—WHY DO YOU SUSPECT?

I SUSPECT ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU GOY TO GIVE HIM CREDNY FOR GETTING IT BACK FROM HER!

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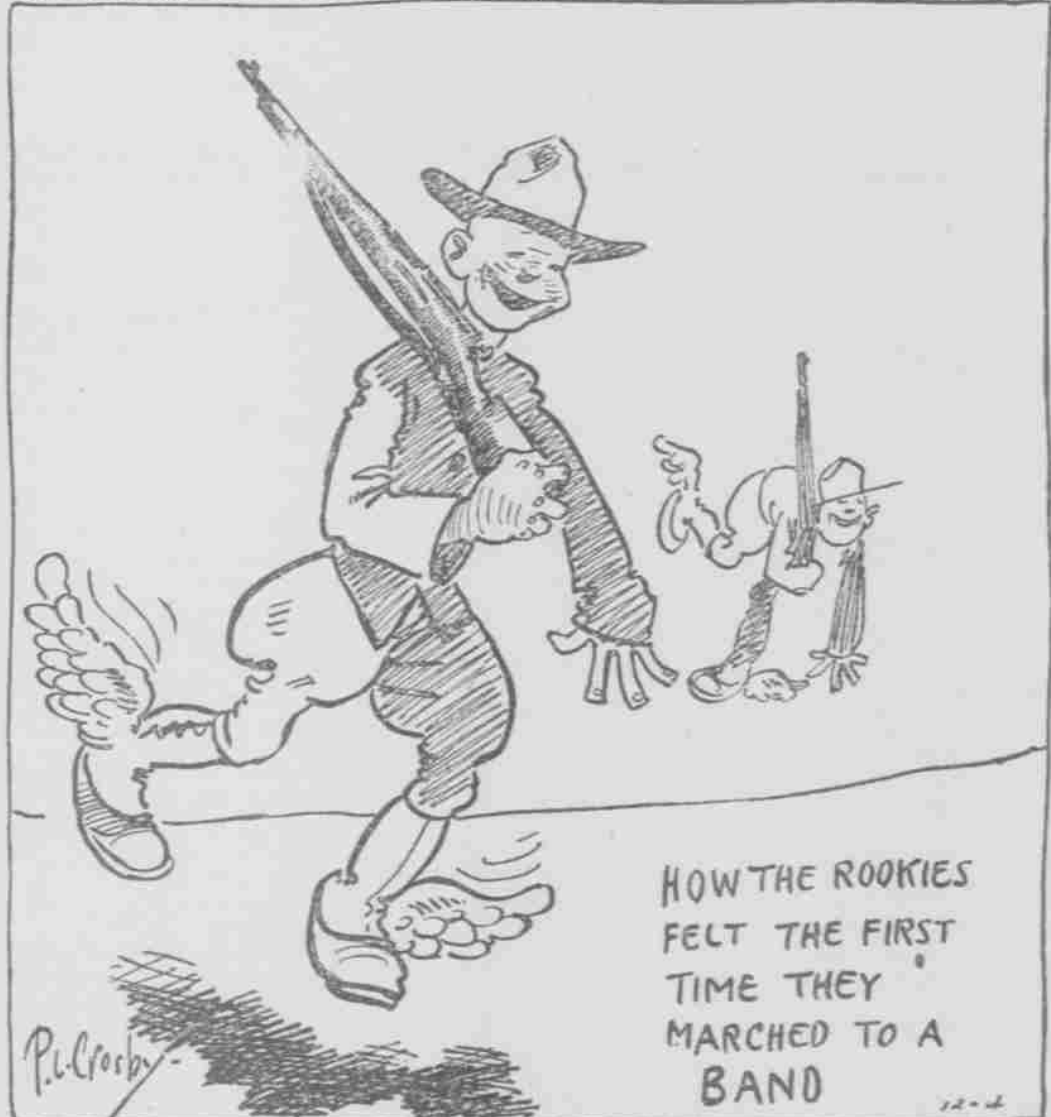
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"I find markets in El Paso city in

That Rookie from the 13th Squad.

By P. L. Crosby.



HOW THE ROOKIES FELT THE FIRST TIME THEY MARCHED TO A BAND

SKINNY CHANER'S TRIP

GOAT GRABBERS—MATTIE NEY, THE YOUNG LADY WHO WANTS AROUND STAGE DOORS TO SEE THE ACTORS COME OUT

WELL KNOWN SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED BY LISHARDY

NEW SORT TOO! IF I TOOK MY UMBRELLA IT WOULDN'T HAVE RAINED.

Answer to Yesterday's WHEN DOES A PERSON SIT AT HOME WITHOUT HIS HEAD? WHEN HE LOOKS OUT OF A WINDOW

FROM UNDER! WHY IS A USED POSTAGE STAMP LIKE FREDDIE WELSH?

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY! LOOK AT THE DAY'S!

EL PASO HERALD

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